

Pl. Hay do not like about "sawing" my fingers. "An each them with a pair of scissors!"

four fine Golden Eagles passed
in "full sail." very near to us,
— a most interesting sight.
We were about 5000 ft above
the sea level, "cruising"
among the sharp crags of
the ridge & botanizing to our
heart's content. Saxifr. ^{Wothers} cotyledon,
Rosa alpina, Scilla lilio-hya-
cinthus, Globularia ^{pyrolas} hana, & a
host of other interesting things
made it quite "a feast" in its
way, & a remnant of snow- to
sit down by, & eat, to cool
ourselves, was most accep-
table! I sent many 100^s of
roots of alpine plants home, &
hope that some at least will
prove treasures. With love
from our circle to W^{rs} Gray
& yourself. Believe me
Yours very sincerely
O^l Backhouse

West Bank,
York.
1-1-1884

Dear D^r Gray

It was indeed with no
small gratification that I
read your kind & sympathizing
letter, which was laid on
our table this very morning!

M^{rs} Backhouse & I both
feel your kindness very much
at a time when I think I
may truly say that the sym-
pathy of our friends is speci-
ally grateful. For, though
the shock we have sustained
has largely passed away,
in its immediate physical
effects, yet I think that we

realised our loss now, al-
most more than we did
many weeks ago.

I am glad that you are
able to give a good report
of your own & Mrs Gray's
health, in fair degree.

Your tendency to do too
much, I can quite believe in,
as well as in Mrs Gray's;
but I do hope you will be
careful, for the sake of others,
as well as your own!

I work on — in botanical
matters, mainly as "a business
necessity" — & in archaeolog-
ical matters as a recreation,
attracted because of past re-
membrances, & yet sad from

this very cause). It often feels
as though it would be im-
possible almost, ever to be
really "happy" again: and yet
when I look at what many
others have to bear, I feel
that in very many ways, we
have been "mercifully dealt
with"; & that, in time, a calm
may come, after the storm.

We all had great delight
in the grand Pyrenean flora
last spring & summer.

James (my son) & I were
revelling, on one occasion,
among Gentians (vars of
G. acaulis & *verna*) on a very
sharp calcareous "arête"
to which we had climbed in
a melting sunskin, when